

# The CRESSET

MOUNTAIN GROVE MISSOURI.

R. F. D. No. 3, Caudle Grove,

## LOCAL LORE.

—Waters are very high.

—Mr. Lacy is doing more carpenter work for Mr. L. D. Caudle

—We have had much rain for the last week.

—Much sickness in the neighborhood and surrounding country.

—Mr. Mc Calister had his wagon repaired at the Colony shop.

—Nearly every body complaining of being on the sick list

—Big sleet last Sunday and Monday.

—We are laboring from a Bible stand point for your eternal welfare.

—Mr. Fred Calson had his wagon bed repaired at the Colony shop.

—The Colony people are surely cutting the wood, for it is to wet to do anything else.

—We have had big rains the last week and a very muddy times the result.

—Bible truths has been covered up since the 16 century and the CRESSET is snowing them up to you.

—Meeting at the Caudle Grove in the Colony Tabernacle, every Thursday night, Saturday night and Sunday at 11 and at 3 o'clock. Come all who love to hear the Truth.

—L. D. Caudle has had him a fine roller put up to smooth and level his fields with. L. D. Caudle is one of wright's enterprising farmers and a progress man in building up our country.

—There is one thing that is hard to understand, and that is when one reads and sees a truth they will not accept it. when you read the CRESSET's Bible saying please go to your Bible and see the truth.

—We have a farm in our list for sale, of 160 acres laying in Texas County in Township 30 Range 11. As cheap as dirt itself. If any one desire a good home call at the CRESSET OFFICE or write us at Mt. Grove Mo. R. 3 Caudle Grove for particulars.

—Our readers may think that we do not preach very much. By us reporting that we cut cordwood for a living. For this reason we wish to say that we preach a sermon every night with a very few exceptions to 50 people and three sermons on Sunday at 9, 11 and 3 o'clock. So our readers will see that we are not idle. Beside the many sermons that go out through the "CRESSET" which keeps us awake many nights when the world at large are wrapped in sleep and slumber.

## Liberty! Liberty!

### LIBERTY!!!

The word "Liberty" sweet to us? Yes indeed! And in Truth it is. When we look back upon Old Glory. That Flag that bares up to the eyes, the Stars and Stripes, the very emblem, and essence of the word "LIBERTY," if we did not love it, we would say let the darkest and blackest night cover the day when we were born. For when we look on the field of square blue, in the upper corner of that Flag, we think of the Blue Arch of heaven. And it says to us that we should meet upon the level and part upon the Square.

The 13 Stars, the representative of the Thirteen Apostles, their conduct, the compass to square our lives by. The 7 red stripes to remind us of the shed blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And also reminds us that we are as the rough Ashlar, coming from the hills of Creation. And made a perfect Ashlar, in and thru the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, by it fitted and prepared a perfect stone for the building made not with hands eternally in the heavens.

"LIBERTY," yes, we love the word "LIBERTY," we can only say in the language of that Noble man Patrick Henry, "Give us Liberty or give us death."

And again, the Flag that bears to the breeze the White Stripes, an Emblem of the pure white body of our Lord and Master, which gives us the privilege of saying "By these stripes we are healed." Reminds us of the Open Door that was opened at Philadelphia. That is the Door of LIBERTY, which no man was to shut. And which has not been shut, nor never will be shut.

For the time of the restitution of all things has come. And any part of the Liberty that has been taken away will be restored, and the equality intended by our fore-fathers in 1776, when they declared us a Free and Independent Nation, will be restored to one and all. And our Flag, the emblem of the things of heaven will then for sure float over the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. And the richness of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, will be the grand inheritance of the Saints in Light.

Let us have a preparedness for this day, for it is a day of peace, when this scripture will be fulfilled, Please read,

"And the Lord shall be king over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one. Zech 14:9.

Not many Lords, nor many Kings: Just one and his name one, not many names, yet while we are preparing for this day, for God's sake, and the good of our people, let us protect our Citizens from the cruelty of all wrong, let the world know we mean to do it, by putting on the whole armor of God.

## Notice.

Clocks and sewing machines repaired at the Colony by J. M. Sherman who has many clocks on hand now to fix but room for many more. Bring them on. All work guaranteed.

## Pioneer Peoria Woman Dead,

Mrs. Hannah M. Wasson, in her 94th. year, passed away at 3 O'clock A. M. Sunday Jan. 9th, 1916, at the home of her daughter Mrs. Fred Yuy, at 619 Braine St. after a very brief illness from Pneumonia.

Mrs. Wasson was one of the oldest and most honored among Peoria's Pioneer woman. And for the past two years, was the oldest woman attending the Annual Picnic of the Old Settlers' Association. She is survived by five children, Sixteen grand-children, fifteen Great grand children, and one Great great-grand child.

She was born in Oswego N. Y. Nov. 14th, 1822, and has been a resident of Peoria County over 60 years, coming here in 1854. Her husband was the late Thomas H. Wasson, whose bride she became seventy-six years ago.

Mrs. Wasson was a woman of highest character: true womanliness, gentle, oldtime courtesy and a gracious charity that never failed, which won her friends almost unnumbered. She has lived to see generation after generation come and go. In life's sunshine, and in its shadow she has proven steadfast, and behind is left a heritage of richest Memorials that rob death of its sting, the grave of victory. Her death was unexpected, despite her great age. She was enjoying excellent health except for a seemingly slight cold until Saturday evening when Pneumonia developed, she realized her extremity and faced the future in calmness, peace and resignation.

Her surviving children are Geo. H. Wasson and Mrs. Eva Yuy of Peoria, and Peter and Daniel H. Wasson of Mapleton and Mrs. Alice Greenwood of Salt Lake City, Utah. She was the mother of Twelve children. But seven have preceded her in death. Other surviving relation are Brothers, and Sisters as follows: Mrs. Rachel McFarland, Mrs. Haners, Frank and Frederick Van Patten, Hannibal, of Sterling, Kans.

The Funeral taken place at 10 O'clock A. M. on Tuesday from the Wilton Mortuary Chapel, the Rev. O. T. Huns, officiation. Burial was at the Springdale Cemetery.

### IN REMEMBRANCE OF MY GRAND-MOTHER,

Oh! Dearly, I will never hear your loving voice the sweetest of all music. Now lies silent in the grave. Your life was a noble life, you lived for your Saviour and the Lord. I know you was ever kind and true, We all loved you more than tongue can express. We all know you was a christian from your daily walk.

In the resurrection morning, when the Redeemer comes, and the graves are open, and the dead in Christ arise to meet him, then I know you shall be with the Holy saints. Then you shall be given a new born voice and shout your praises to our Redeemer, and dwell forever safe in your heavenly home. There every tear shall be wiped from your eyes.

Oh, the good you have done will be the richest remembrance of you, it will live till death call each of us to the grave. I hope I may leave some trace of good that all may remember me, as I can of you.

Written by Mrs. Bertha A. Easter, Arcadia Kan.

## OBITUARY.

The Little "Merseline Ball" Twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Ball passed this life Jan. 19th 1916. The remains was laid to rest in the Thomas Cemetery the following day.

Gone from our home forever. The darling of our bond;

Crossed over the mystic river, Into the summer land.

She is gone to meet another, More dear to her than we.

She has gone to see our Saviour, Whom we all expect to see.

All in her youthful days. She was kindly called away, That she might reign with Christ. Under God's immortal Ray,

No more we'll see that face, That smiled in tender years,

'Till her we hope to meet, Beyond this vale of tears.

There is a vacant place at home. Around the burning fire, That reminds us of the Truth. That she has gone up higher.

Dear Parents, Sisters and Prother, weep not for she is only sleeping.

# READ THE CRESSET.